

MARVEL
9th Mar 91

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

№143 45p

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MINI
JOKE BOOK



ISSN 0954-9404
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Another **FREE** gift? You lucky people! It's the one hundred and forty-third edition of the spirit world's favourite read, **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS**, and have we got an issue for you! Well, this week the Ghostbusting gang *chill* out on the ski slopes when they try to stand up against a ski fiend in **Rest In Piste!**

There is some strange music coming out of the juke box in this week's **Winston's Diary!** It seems that some sinister demons are about to enter the mortal world via an ancient record machine, but will the Ghostbusters be able to stop them?

Not only are there these terrific stories, but there is also the second instalment of a story guaranteed to chill you to the very bone, **Blizzard Queen!** Plus all of your regular spooky favourites in the world's scariest comic – so stay spooky!

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Cover by **BRIAN WILLIAMSON, BAMBOS** and **JOHN BURNS**

Editor **STUART BARTLETT** Assistant **EMMA MARSHALL**

Spirit Guide **DAN ABNETT**



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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



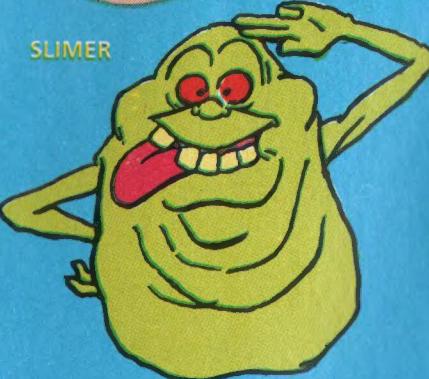
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STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDMORE



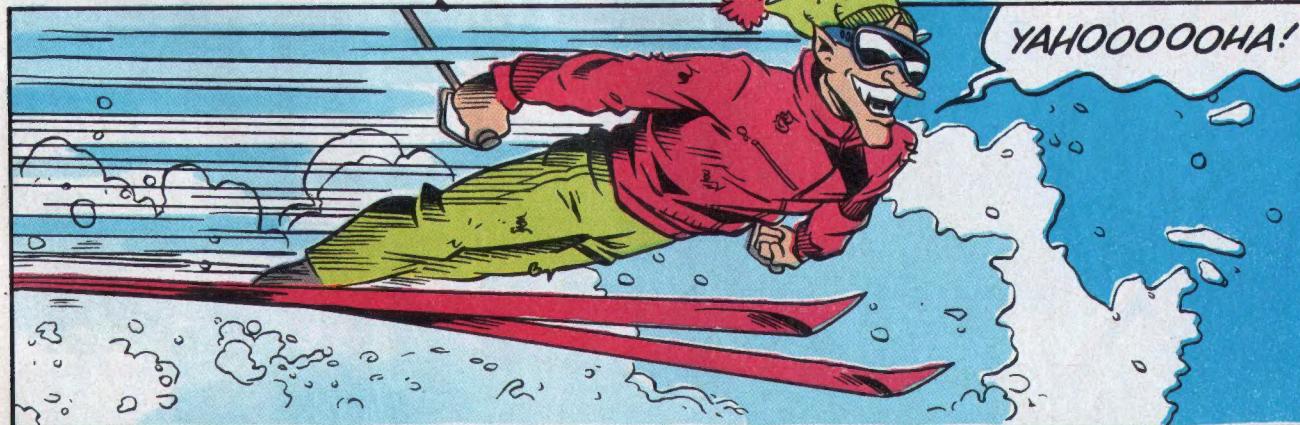
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MELNITZ



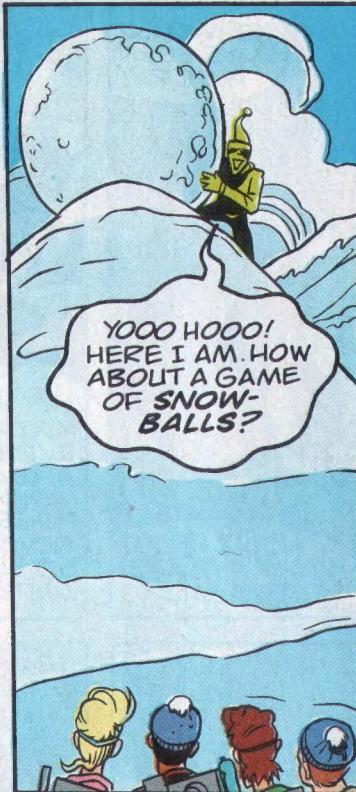
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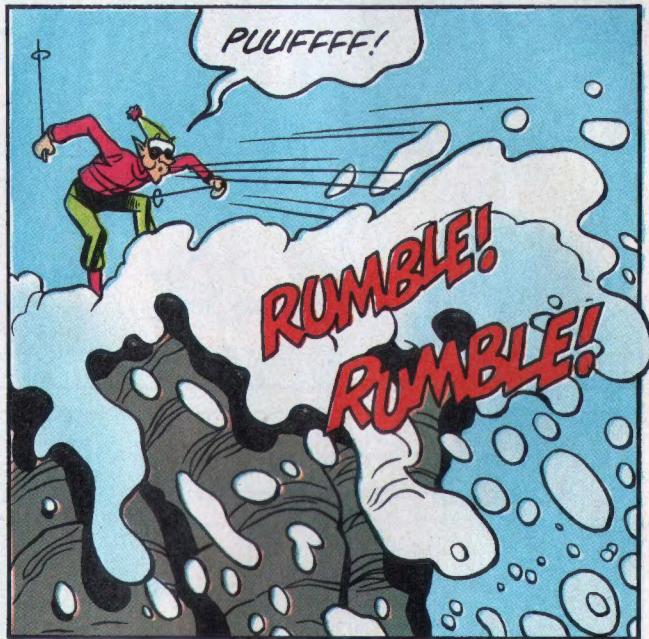
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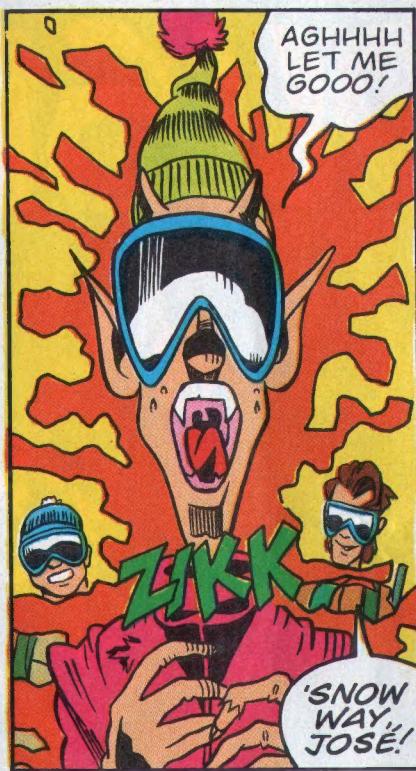
REST IN PISTE.











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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™ PUZZLEBUSTER ISSUE FOUR

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SPENGER'S SPIRIT GUIDE



The world is full of great and majestic mountain ranges - the silent Alps, the taciturn Himalayas, the unforthcoming Pyrenees and the positively no-comment Andes. All have mysteries and legends attached to them, cruel and supernatural rumours and myths that make them some of the most haunted places on Earth. I thought I had better tell you a little about them, and in doing so list the most spectral of them all.

The Ulps

The snow-capped peaks of the Ulps are some of the most forbidding places on this planet. Climbers report with fear the notorious Ulpine Passes they have encountered in their ascents, such as 'Pssst! What's a nice climber like you doing in a place like this?' The Ulps are reputed to have got their name from the final comments of Sir Hilary Edmunds as he made his final ascent and came face to face with the Abominable individual. 'Ulp!' said Sir Edmunds.

The Matterherne

The rent-capped peaks of the Matterherne are possibly the most expensive places on

PART 143

this planet. They were named after the final comments of Sir Hilmund Eddy and his team mate Sid Herne when they came face to face with the Atrocious Snowmen who lounge about on the west face. Eddy: 'What's the matter, Herne?' Herne: 'Them, Sir.'

The Hairyknees

The knee-capped peaks of the Hairyknees are some of the most tufty on this planet. It is the home of the Abnormally Hairy Snowmen, who are so dangerous that no-one has ever got far enough up to it to have any final comments.

Mort Blanc

Shivering in the midst of the Swiss Cheese Range, a holey dangerous place to visit, Mort Blanc is one of the coldest places on this planet. The Completely Reprehensible Snowmen who lived here have long since plodded off to time-share apartments in the Dordogne. Attempts have been made to warm Mort Blanc up, like the 1953 expedition to wrap a scarf round it and offer it a cup of hot soup, but so far everything has met with a chilly reception. The chilly reception is manned by Dolores, whose job it is to say 'Hello (sniff), Mort Blanc' and chip icicles off the answerphone.

The Armies

The hub-capped peaks of the Armies are also known as the 'wheel of the world' and link up to the range of the majestic Andes somewhere along their five hundred mile length. The Thoroughly Obnoxious Snowmen who live there have never let on quite where this happens, thought it must be pointed out that this has nothing to do with the joke 'Where do the Andes meet the Armies?' 'At the end of the Sleevies.' Happy climbing.

WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story DAN ABNETT Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON, BAMBOS and JOHN BURNS

Tuesday, 26th February 1991

They say they built this City on Rock n' Roll . . . which City, I'm not sure, but I've always guessed it could apply to New York as well as anywhere. This week, they nearly demolished this City with Rock n' Roll . . .

Well Rhok and Rhol actually, though I was never taught to spell it that way when I was learning easy riffs for the electric guitar from the well-thumbed pages of *Big Bill Bruisedbelly's Easy Riffs for the Electric Guitar in Five Days or Your Money Back* that I'd borrowed from my older cousin Jimi. But enough of my yakkin'. My story for tonight, dear Diary, is not about those good old days. It's about these bad new ones. Tuesday, for example.

On Tuesday, Egon showed me a book which I wasn't particularly interested in. I wasn't particularly interested because I was up to my lapels trying to organise an opening night party for the new Youth Centre for Underprivileged Young People that was opening up in an empty brownstone just down the street from us. The City Council had bought up the building and were renovating it into a cool place for the kids to hang out in. The Mayor dropped us a line and asked if we'd help provide the opening night entertainment, seeing as how we were heroes to a lot of the kids in New York and the centre was going to be on our block. Sure we would, we said, no sweat . . .

So there I was, counting bottles of cherry crush, and getting more and more exasperated by the second because I was sure Slimer had guzzled one, and there was Egon waving this tattered old tome in my face and sounding more full of gloom and despair than the prophet of doom at Armageddon wagging his fingers and saying 'I told you so . . .'

Best way of getting rid of Egon at a time like that is to listen to him. It costs you a few minutes, but eventually he runs out

of steam and wanders off bored. So I listened. The book he was getting his knickers in a twist over was something called *Diskomanchy - Thee Eternale Warre of the Harmonies Diabolik*. It was subtitled *Eerie Riffs for the Eldritch Guitar in Five Millenia or Your Soule Back*, but Egon didn't give me a chance to ask him about that.

By the time Egon had finished talking, I knew the cherry crush counting would have to wait.

What he was saying was this: '\$%*&**£!' I got him to slow down and he made more sense. It seems there are these two demons called Rhok and Rhol, great big nasty dudes who make Gozer seem as well-adjusted as Kermit. They were capable of great magic power, a power they drived from these 'Harmonies Diabolik' which was, according to the rapidly-talking Doctor Spengler, a form of Supercosmic music that got clawed toes tapping on The Other Side. Didn't do the same for the mortal world, Egon explained. Their music would more, sort of, tear our world apart if it was heard here.

'And?' I asked. There had to be an 'and'. 'According to this book,' Egon spluttered, 'the time has come for another attempt by Rhok and Rhol to invade and destroy our Universe. See here where it says . . . and lo, longe after a periode of mixing in the studio of the Black Veil, the Harmonies Diabolik will be released Worldwide in Cassette, Long Player and CD versions . . .'

'CD?'

'Complete Destruction. Look at the date, Winston, it's today!'

I looked at the date. It was today, worst luck. Then I looked at the diagram plate on the page he held open. 'What's that?' I asked.

'An edifice of some kind - the structure through which Rhok and Rhol will teleport to our World and invade. It must

be a bizarre building somewhere . . . a temple or something.'

'What did you do in the sixties?' I asked him.

'Studied,' he replied. 'Why?'

'Because if you had done something normal in the sixties like going to a disco once in a while, you'd recognise that that wasn't a temple. It's a Gurgleweiner Classic All-Star Play-o-Matic Juke Box. Just like . . .'

'Just like what?' he asked.

'Come with me,' I replied, 'Quickly.'

He followed me down the block to the Youth Centre at a sprint that would have made Linford Christie say 'Wait up, guys'. I ran into the main hall of the old building and pointed to the shiny chrome and glass monster in the corner. 'Like that.' I finished.



Egon looked. By the side of the old juke box, Ray and Slimer looked up at our explosive entry and smiled. 'Nearly ready!' cried Ray. 'Is this a beautiful baby or what? Double Gurgleweiner speakers, double time replay action, instant stacking . . . say, what's up, guys?'

'That . . . that . . .' stammered Egon,

pointing, 'That's a Gurglematic Junk-Star Play-o-Weiner Classical Box type thing, isn't it?'

'In a descriptive sense, no. In an I-Know-What-You-Mean sense, yes.'

'We gotta hear this baby . . .' said Ray.

'Ray Stantz! Don't plug that in!' we yelled.

Ray plugged it in.

There was a clunk, a click, a clatter of a falling dime. A light lit up and spelled 'Automatic Selection' across the gleaming front of the box. There was a whir, a hiss of static and the ripping sound of a needle engaging with an old record.

'Bye, Egon' I said, shaking his hand.

'It's been a pleasure,' Egon replied sadly.

The Juke Box hummed. The Juke Box played. We didn't die (a good thing). The Juke Box warbled 'Tie a yellow ribbon' to any one who was listening (this didn't include Egon and me, as we were hiding under a table with our hands over our ears).

'The records in it looked a bit old and worn,' Ray told us after he had cajoled us out from under the table. 'So I took them out and replaced them with some of my own. Sounds great, doesn't it? "It's been three long years, do you still love me . . ."' he sang along.

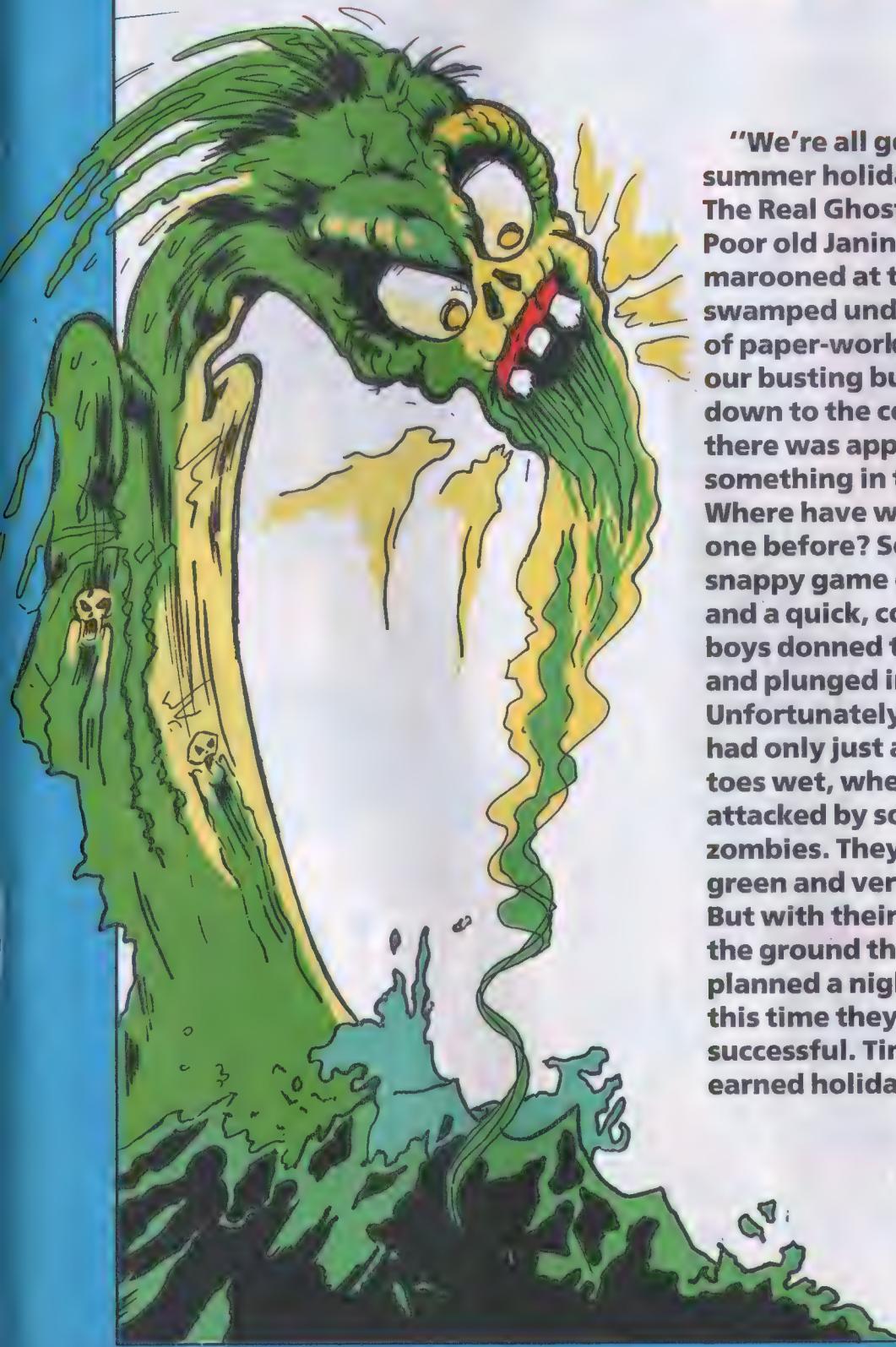
Egon and I approached the piles of old, chipped records that lay on the floor where Ray had discarded them as cautiously as a man going back to an unexploded skunk. 'Unholy Screamings from the Vault of Dismal Agony – Extended Mix?' I read off one label, 'Maniacal Gibberings of Distant Damnation – Live Version?'

Egon shook his head in a 'that was close' type way and began to smash the old discs one by one. As he shattered the last one into so many smithereens, I caught sight of the label.

'Sing-Along-A-Max?' I queried.

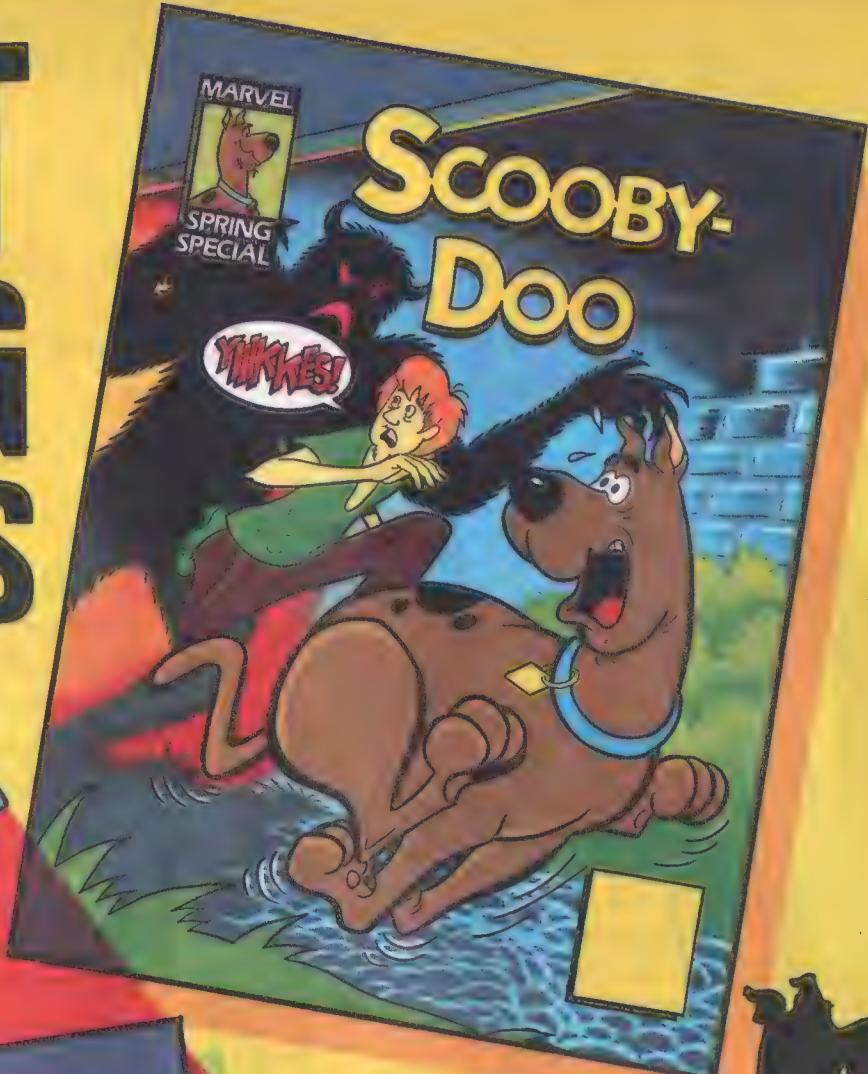
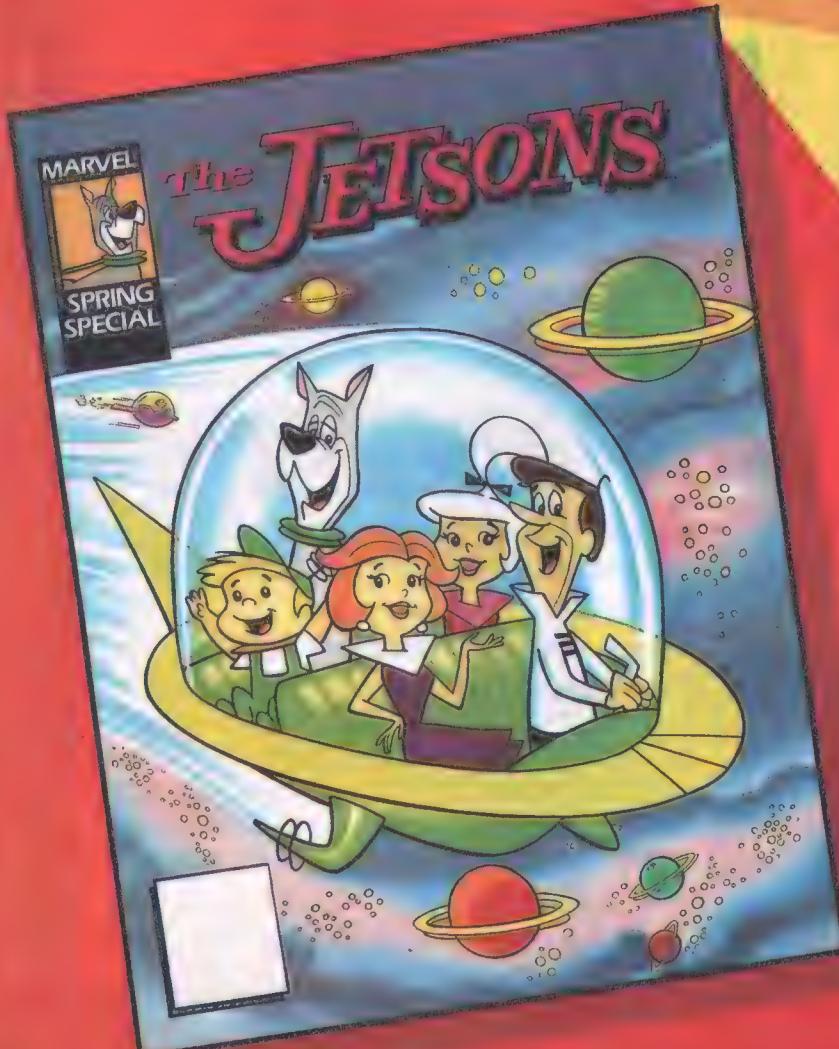
'You can never be too sure,' he said.

SURF ZOMBIES



"We're all going on a summer holiday" – at least The Real Ghostbusters were. Poor old Janine was marooned at the office, swamped under a huge pile of paper-work. Meanwhile our busting buddies cruised down to the coast where there was apparently something in the water. Where have we heard that one before? So, after a snappy game of volleyball and a quick, cool cocktail the boys donned their wet suits and plunged into the sea. Unfortunately the busters had only just about got their toes wet, when they were attacked by some surf zombies. They were big, green and very, very ugly. But with their feet back on the ground the Ghostbusters planned a night attack and this time they were successful. Time for a well-earned holiday.

GREAT SPRING SPECIALS

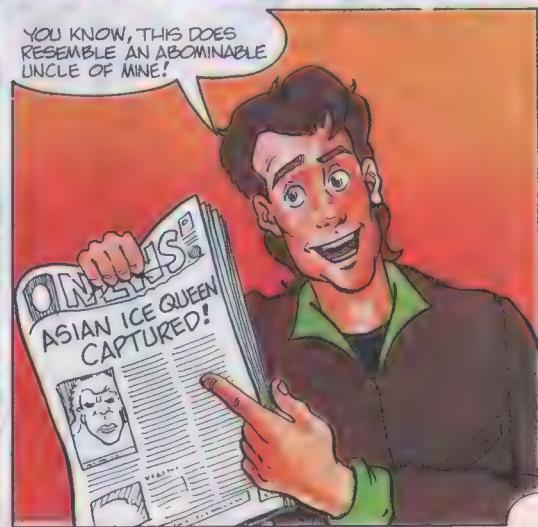
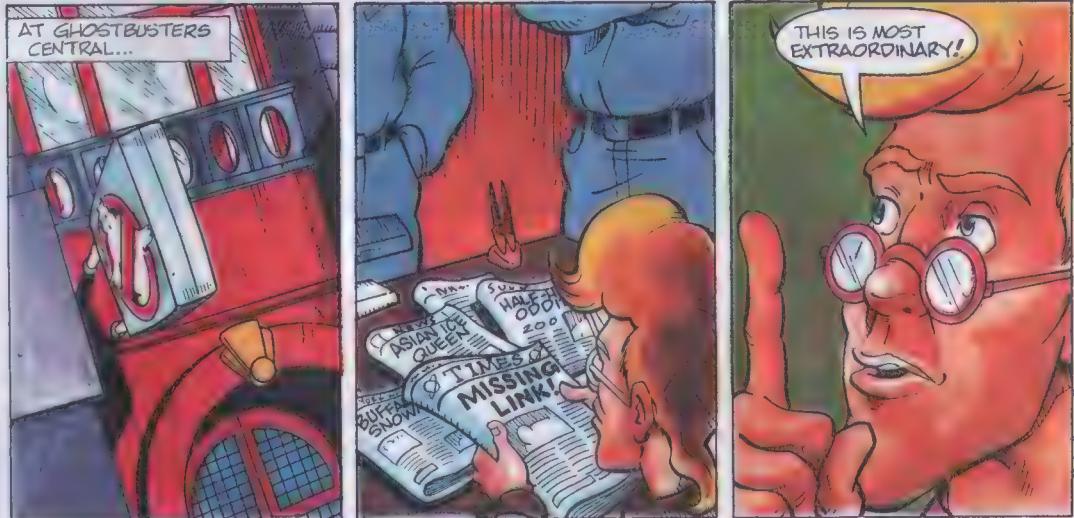


OUT NOW
FROM
MARVEL

A large, dark silhouette of a dog jumping over a red and yellow background. The dog is in mid-air, with its front paws extended forward.

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

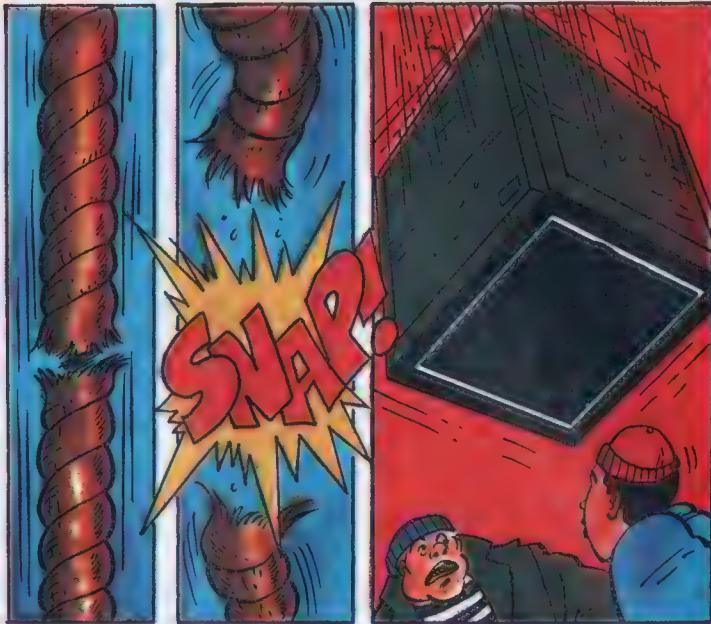
Part Two: A ship has entered New York harbour, with a strange and mysterious creature on board. But what is it . . . ?







IN NEW YORK, A CERTAIN FREIGHTER IS UNLOADING CARGO. THERE'S NOTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY, UNTIL FATE TIPS THE SCALES.



THE FALLING BOX WEIGHS HUNDREDS OF POUNDS, BUT LEM CATCHES IT, SAVING THE LIVES OF THOSE CLOSE AT HAND. BUT EXTRAORDINARY FEATS ATTRACT EXTRAORDINARY ATTENTION.







SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your
jokes! Send 'em
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What goes through the water
at 100mph?
A motor pike.
— Alastair McKellar, Bo'ness.

What is a ghost's favourite
drink?
Demonade.
— Andrew Boulton, Inverness.

Why was Frankenstein never
lonely?
*He was good at making
friends.*
— Andrew Boulton, Inverness.

What is a crocodile's favourite
game?
Snap.
— Adrian Ramsay, Norwich.

What do you get if you put
three ducks into a box?
A box of quackers.
— Gary Knight, Merseyside.

'I saw a baby snake.'
'How did you know that it was
a baby snake?'
'Because it had a rattle.'
— Paul McGurnaghan, Belfast.

NEW

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PAPER
COMIC



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NAME
ADDRESS



SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR
GUARDIAN

DEAD TRUE



In March 1st 1910 a petty thief named George Gaffney murdered his girlfriend, Bessie Graves. She was expecting him to marry her, however, George had other plans of a far more mercenary nature. He intended to wed the rich and elderly widow Stella Fortney. And so, he strangled poor Bessie with a strange, silk cord. This was a 'thuggee cord,' a three foot piece of rope traditionally employed by a Hindu assassin group in the Middle East. But this was Soho and Scotland Yard's only clue to the murderer was Bessie's boyfriend Arthur Eames, known to others as George Gaffney.

Three weeks later George was still a free man and hotly in pursuit of Stella. However, his life was not to be plain sailing

for long. One night he decided to impress Stella by arriving at her house in a hansom cab. But on stepping into the half-light of the enclosed vehicle he saw the ghost of Bessie and screamed in horror as her tongue lolled in her mouth.

This was not to be the last time that Bessie's ghost was to haunt her lover. After a week of drinking George began wooing the grumpy Stella. Presenting her with a stolen diamond ring, he was sent to the cellar to fetch some champagne. There, at the top of the stairs, stood Bessie with the cord now limp around her neck. His fright was so great that George fell down the steps and was forced to spend the next few weeks in hospital.

It was during this time that he decided to leave the country and book a

passage to Quebec in Canada. The night prior to his departure was one of immense relief for George who believed his nightmare to be finally over. However Bessie materialised once more. She held the noose out in her pallid hand, and he feebly took it from her. He knew what he must do and wrote down his confession.

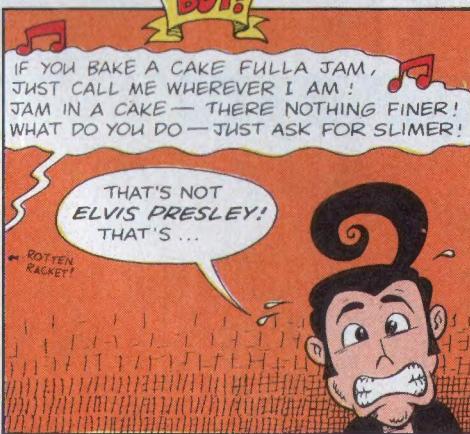
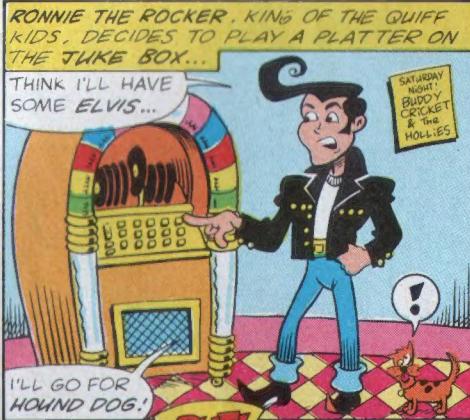
This confession was discovered the next day when the police broke into his hotel bedroom. And so it seemed the mystery of the Soho murderer was finally solved. However, one thing that no-one was ever able to explain was how a vital piece of evidence had vanished from the Yard's theft-proof vault. It was the 'thuggee-cord', the very cord that George had used to kill himself.



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